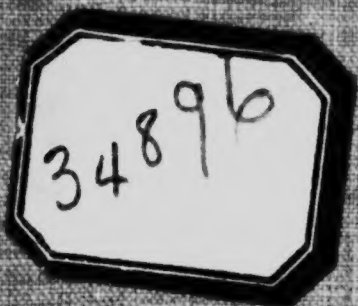




GOOD MORNING

CAMILLA SANDERSON

PS 8487
A52
G66
1918
P***

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Cam. Sanderson,
Amelia.

GOOD MORNING

GOOD MORNING

by

**CAMILLA
SANDERSON**

To give new courage,
strength and cheer.
I write my rhymes ;
Hoping from those who
strive to hear
Responsive chimes.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO
1918**

PS8487

A52

G-66

1918

P+++

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by Camilla Sanderson

880682

Us

**MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER
MARY AND RICHARD**

**You two, with love's unclouded eyes,
Will see the grace of thought I meant
should be.**

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GOOD MORNING

GOOD MORNING!

*Down by the stream where the lilies grow,
And gentle winds bid the ripples play,
Low-bending willows in tender curves
Make dancing shadows where gloom would stay.
Oh, earth is wondrously fair and sweet
When waking in beauty the dawn to meet,
With a gracious, glad Good Morning!*

*Just when the birds trill their first gay song,
Here where the plumes of the lilac trees,
Flushed with the joy of the bright new morn,
Breathe out their gladness on every breeze—
Life in the bird-song, life in the flower,
Life at its fullest of thrilling power,
Everywhere saying Good Morning!*

*Out in the fields at the sunrise hour,
Drinking the sweet, moist breath of the sod,
Blue of the heavens and gold of the sun,
Sent to us straight from the heart of God.
Loveliest visions my spirit sees,
While angel voices among the trees
Whisper a happy Good Morning!*

THE SUNNY SIDE.

COME over and walk on the sunny side,
There's promise of light for darkness and fear.
Love's angels are flinging
Hope's banner, and singing
"Good will we are bringing
And joy to the earth in the glad New Year."
Come away from the gloom where shadows bide,
Come over and walk on the sunny side.

COME over and walk on the sunny side,
The rain-clouds hang low your side of the way,
Though love may be sighing,
While bullets are flying
And brave men are dying,
God rules, and our faith can make rainbows
to-day.

COME away from the gloom where fear-ghosts
hide,

COME over and walk on the sunny side.

COME over and walk on the sunny side,
The day that is darkest will soon be past,
Though hearts may be breaking,
There's joy for the taking—
Pure joy of God's making—
A joy that gives strength while earth-burdens
last,

Then faint not, nor falter, God's hand will guide,
Come over and walk on the sunny side.

LOVE'S TRIBUTE TO MRS. DOROTHEA
FLAVELLE.

DEAR "Mother-Friend"!

We weep to-day, but not in bitterness,
Nor yet at all for thee, since kind release
Came not too soon to set thy spirit free.
'Tis for ourselves we weep, and even so
Our tears fall softly, like the dews of night,
That gently stir to fragrance fresh and sweet
Each drooping bud and flower.

So to our hearts
These tears bring heaven's refreshing, bidding
joy—
The joy of having known thee—speak to us
As thou wert wont to speak, art speaking still,
Through memories thronging from the many years
Since thou wert first our friend.

Oh, record fair!
Life's open page without a blot or stain!
Our thoughts' most beauteous blossoms here we
bring.
White lilies, not more white than thy pure soul,
And crimson roses, tokens of thy strength,
Green ivy-leaves for thy fidelity,
With mignonette and heliotrope to show
Thy gracious sweetness born of chastened power.

—GOOD MORNING—

And thus we crown thee with unfading wreath,
That thou may'st enter heaven so crowned, and
stand

Before the Holy One all unashamed,
Since from its dawn to noon and evening hour
Thy life was rich in all that God approves.

Sweet be thy rest,
As are our thoughts of thee! Great be thy joy,
As thy true influence here! And unto thee,
In that blest home which welcomes thee to-day,
Be given to know that thy strength fostered ours.
Thy brave, sweet courage bade us work with cheer,
And that to life's last hour we shall give thanks
To Heaven for such a friend.

THE BALANCE.

If I wake with the birds, and toil all the day,
Till the twilight finds me weary,—
So weary with all I have done by the way
That the evening shades seem dreary,—
How then shall I balance the all I shall miss
Of moonbeam, and star-gleam, and wind's gentle
kiss?

And if in the next world all this is forgotten—
The light and the darkness, the bliss and the
pain—
Will absence of sadness outweigh all the gladness
I'll lose if life's sweetness return not again?
How then shall I balance the all I shall miss,
If that life must forfeit love's mem'ry of this?

Spirit immortal! Thy joy in earth's sweetness
Will cease with the heart-beats that measure
life's flow;
But joys that shall meet thee, and friends who
shall greet thee,
Prepare thee a rapture ne'er dreamed of below.
So gracious, so radiant thy guerdon of bliss,
Thy cup, full to brimming, no earth-joy shall miss.

GOOD MORNING

MY FRIEND.

It matters not where she may be,
Or near or far, on land or sea,
I know her heart is true to me,
My precious friend!

It matters not that I am gray
And worn with troubles by the way.
It matters not, for love holds sway,
My precious friend.

She too has climbed, so we may stand
On level heights, hand clasped in hand,
And each from each high thought demand,
For we are friends.

We do not count our lives by years,
By joy's delights, or sorrow's tears,
But by our gains as truth appears,
For we are friends.

I think, were I to pass away,
She'd smile, and then so gently say,
"How calmly sweet your rest to-day,
My own dear friend!"
And if she first went home to rest,
I'd lay a white rose on her breast,
And whisper softly, "You are blest,
My heart's true friend!"

IF ONLY I COULD KNOW.

If only I could know that, ere he went,
The great, grand soul of him was moved to say,
"I love you, dear; I want to have you stay
Here, close beside me, till life's breath is spent."
If only I could know.

If only I could know that life for him
Would have been 's of struggle spent with me,
Would have been tuned to sweeter harmony,
And joy's dear golden glow have been less dim.
If only I could know.

If only I could know, my heart would rest,
Each daily task would seem far less of toil,
My joy of soul earth-trifles could not spoil:
Life would be sweet in knowing I was blest.
If only I could know.

If only I could know that in that land
Where mortals learn life's meanings and pass
on,
Where light of joy hath ever brightly shone,
We two shall meet and journey hand in hand.
If only I could know.

IF I COULD SING.

If I could sing I would sing like a bird,
Some dear wild bird in its leafy home,
And set its clear notes to thoughts only heard
When night-winds whisper as far they roam
With fairy-like fleetness to drink in the sweetness
Of dew-sprinkled blossoms and earth-scented
loam.

Oh! if I could sing, I would sing like the birds,
And set their sweet music to heavenly words.

If I could sing I would sing like the brook,
 wooing the grasses out in the sun,
With the soft cool breath of the hillside nook,
Where from its crevice each drop is won
By soft calls to rally and haste to the valley,
When spring's radiant gladness is only begun.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing like the brook,
As it dances in joy from its hillside nook.

If I could sing, I would sing in the night,—
The moonbeams vanished, and stars gone out,—
When the gloom's astir with ghosts of the light,
And creeping stillness is all about:
Then with my glad singing, my spirit outwinging
The forces of evil, I'd put them to rout.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing in the night,
And triumph o'er darkness with songs of the light.

BLIND.

*A Tribute to my Friend and Helper,
Mr. H. Morgan.**

Yes, he is blind, and yet on life's wide ocean
He steers his barque with clear and steadfast
eye;

And ever on, full-thrilled by love's devotion,
He guides unwary feet when ill is nigh.
Yes, he is blind, but his soul-eyes can see
The sweet face of his grandchild on his knee.

Yes, he is blind, and yet how soon he knows it—
That kindling smile upon his wife's dear face;
He catches first her wearied look, and shows it
In gentle ministry of tender grace.
He may be blind, but ah! we know full well,
He sees and knows far more than we can tell.

Yes, he is blind, and yet my spirit tells me
Those drooping lids veil eyes that see afar.
I know it true, but still my heart impels me
To trust his vision, clear as yon bright star.
'Tis sight of soul that pierces earth's dark night,
And revels joyously in heaven's own light.

*May 23rd, 1918, Death's angel opened his eyes.

GOOD MORNING

Yes, he is blind, but o'er his eyes, earth-darkened,
Gleam visions fairer than this world can show;
For spirit-ears to heavenly truths have harkened,
And spirit-eyes have caught th' immortal glow.
Our tears for him with love and pity blend—
He needs no pity, Jesus is his Friend.

Shine on in wondrous brightness, blinded eyes,
Glint back on us the radiance ye have caught,
Show us the truer glory of the skies,
The sweeter meanings of the Master's thought.
Teach us that earth-life, at its best, is love
In union with the perfect life above.

SEED-THOUGHTS.

THE years are coming, the years are going,
And ever some seed-thoughts we are sowing;
Giving our work into God's kind keeping,
Knowing not when, nor by whom, the reaping.

Some of the days of our years are glad,
And some are gloomy, and some are sad;
But, glad or sorry, we still go on,
Living in hope that, ere life is done,
Somewhere we'll find our seedling thought
Into some gracious earth-form wrought,—
A lily bud, or a rose full blown,
A nation's song, or a book well known,
A truth once scorned, now freely taught
Because of the living seeds we've sown.

FADED THREADS.

We stand at the loom aweaving,
We weave while our hearts are grieving,
For the threads in our hands are faded,
And the shuttle is not of our choosing.
Wrong, sorrow and shame have shaded
The poor, broken threads we are using.

But the Master says, Weave these to-day
Into fabrics for heaven's to-morrow,
Watch ever your shuttle's play,
But weave ye in faith, not sorrow;
For soon or late in the light divine
These faded threads shall in beauty shine.

A THOUSAND MORE.

It may be you've said it a thousand times,
Say it a thousand more—
The heart athirst for a tender word
Pleads for it o'er and o'er.
Keep ye no count and give ye no heed
To aught but comfort that measures need.

Each summer the wind, with its rose-sweet breath,
Bring's June's rare charm to all;
And ever the blackbird's note is clear
As last year's clearest call;
And the sun rides on his wondrous way
As if for the first glad time to-day.

Then a thousand times! yes, a thousand more!
On till the end of time!
Love's tenderest words will sound most sweet
In earth's most arid clime.
Hearts will not weary of love's refrain,
It is heaven's own balm to ease life's pain.

MY FRIEND WITH SNOW-WHITE HAIR.

I FEAST my eyes and envy her
That quiet, stately air,—
The gentle look, serene and high,
She ever seems to wear.
For charm of face we yield her place,
And yet to me her crowning grace
Is in her snow-white hair,
Her lovely snow-white hair.

My soul looks in upon her soul,
So sweet, and true, and fair,
And yet I may not sound its depths,
So rich beyond compare.
A spirit wise looks from her eyes,
'Tis there a winsome magic lies,
And in her snow-white hair,
Her lovely snow-white hair.

Her presence makes life's pathway smooth,
Life's weather bright and fair,
For sunshine gleams where'er she goes,
And sweet content dwells there.
My dear, good friend! My gentle friend!
In her true strength and sweetness blend,
My friend with snow-white hair,
That lovely snow-white hair.

MY LOVE AND I.

AWAY o'er the waves the swallows skim,
And the new moon lifts her silver rim.
Silent we watch them, my love and I,
Learning the sleepsong of earth and sky.
But ah! what of earth, or air, or sea?
My love is the all of life to me.

Away o'er the world night spreads her wings,
Folding us in with her murmurings,—
Soft woodland twitterings, sweet and gay,
From moonlit paths where the shadows play.
Fed from love's fountain our joy o'erflows,
As night's dear silence around us grows.

Over and round us, and sweetly near,
Are heavenly whispers low and clear.
Lifted from earth by each tender thought,
We feel that our noblest by love is wrought,—
We rise to a higher plane and know
That to grander heights we yet shall grow.

THAT DEAR SMILE OF THINE.

**WHAT makes the morning brighter seem?
The sky a deeper blue?
What glorifies each sunset gleam,
And gems each drop of dew ?
What makes the moon more heavenly fair?
The starlight more divine?
What thrills with joy the evening air?
'Tis that dear smile of thine.**

**Though cloud and mist my path enfold,
If only thou art near,
Thy smile will turn the gray to gold,
And fill the gloom with cheer.
Can life hold richer gift in store?
What joy to call it mine!
Could hunger of the heart ask more
Than that dear smile of thine?**

MEMORY'S FEAST.

COME, hungry heart, come hither to the feast
That Memory's lavish hand hath spread for thee.
The festive board is filled. Look thou and see
Thy dearly loved—choice friends of yore, nor least
The dear ones of to-day, whose griefs are thine,
Whose pleasures feed thy joy. They all are here.

And all are placed as by love-wise design,
So thou canst feel their presence, know them near.
Heart beats with heart. To-day and other days
Unite in chorus of sweet melody;
Yet art thou hungry still, oh heart of mine!
Not choicest viands Memory's feast displays,
Nor rarest vintage e'er can give to thee
Such feast of soul as draught of love's sweet wine.

OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

I READ them now as I read them then,
With heart aglow, and with eyes joy-dim.
Ah me! if once I might write again,
And send the thought of my heart to him!
The miles may stretch and the sea roll wide,
Space cannot sunder nor waves divide.

Can years on years, as they come and go,
Wither the blossoms love's hand hath sown?
Can they stem the tide or check the flow
Of love's swift current but stronger grown?
Oh, love so mighty, I plead with thee,
Bring back the joy of those years to me!

I read my letters, each one again,
They're dear as ever through all the years.
They cheer my spirit, they soothe my pain,
Send rainbow gleams through my falling tears,
Make duty sweeter, life's path less steep,
They shall rest with me in death's long sleep.

FOR YOU.

Was it a stray leaf falling,
Or rose to dewdrop calling?
Was it a lily bloom thrilled,
While nectar its chalice filled?
Or was it the brook's soft word
That all my being stirred?

Was it the dawnlight breaking,
Earth's gladsome beauty waking?
Or lilt of a happy bird
Wooing its mate, that I heard?
Was Elf her harpstrings tuning,
Or star with star communing?

Were bluebells softly ringing,
And perfumed joy-notes flinging
Where Love's own hand was gleaning
Blossoms of sweetest meaning
Out of life's garden for you?
Heart of my heart, for you!

A PADDLE UP THE HUMBER.

There's much of grandeur to be found
In this broad land so fair;
Go where you will from sea to sea,
There's beauty everywhere.
But if you care my heart to please,
Just give to me, instead of these,
A paddle up the Humber.

We hear of mountains wondrous high,
Where stores of wealth lie treasured;
Grand rivers flowing wide and deep,
And prairie lands unmeasured.
O'er lakes you steam or sail with ease,
But let me have, instead of these,
A paddle up the Humber.

We leave the boat-house and the bridge,
And gaily on we go,
Around the bend, beyond the mill,
We catch the sunset glow.
In rose and gold the clouds are dressed,—
It gives the evening at its best,
This paddle up the Humber.

GOOD MORNING

See! Here and there on either bank,
Gay groups are having tea,
And lovers in their tethered boats
Are cosy as can be.
We, too, have tea, and watch the moon,
Then start for home. 'Tis o'er too soon,
Our paddle up the Humber.

LITTLE DANDELION.

Music by Fay L. Stanbury.

When around the garden straying,
While the breeze was gently playing,
Down among the grasses,
Spied I, shining, almost hidden,
As if growing there unbidden—
There among the grasses—
One wee yellow flower in a green-leaved bower,
Just a dandelion, gay wee dandelion.

How you cheered me, little flower,
Laughing softly in your bower
Down among the grasses.
When you whispered, Here am I,
Gleam of sunlight from the sky,
Here among the grasses.
Not a sound I heard, 'twas your sweet soul-word,
Little dandelion, gay wee dandelion.

TREES.

Oh, wonderful forest giants,
Kings of the mighty hills,
Your heads to the clouds uplifting,
Yet bending to drink the rills!
Where learned ye your wondrous greatness
That stoops from sky to sod,
Receiving earth's treasured sweetness,
Then giving it back to God?

Oh, fold us close in your shadows,
Sons of the earth and sky!
Here 'neath your leafy splendor
We feel that heaven is nigh.
We seem to forget our heartache,
And stroke of sorrow's rod,
For here in your soft shade resting,
We tell it all to God.

And when, as the years are speeding,
We turn us back again
To the woods we sought in childhood
To soothe us in our pain,
In your tender, shadowed stillness,
When the soul within us sees,
We shall find, as life-joys fail us,
God's peace among the trees.

JOY IN SACRIFICE.

Oh, tender souls, be strong, be true!

The love that nestles in our hearts to-day,
So close and warm, must spread its wings anew,
And take its own sweet message, while we pray
For grace to bear, like Christ, love's heaviest
cross,

Unknown the gain, untold the bitter loss.

Oh, souls so true, be glad, be brave!

We cannot serve too nobly in this strife;
Our home-land, yea, the all that we would save,
Asks for our best and dearest—asks our life.
Let us give joyous service, and so prove
Our right to stand on highest heights of love.

■ ————— GOOD MORNING ————— ■

CANADA.

Music by Fay G. Stanbury.

West land, great land, Canada,
Stretching from ocean to ocean;
Well do we know it, but how can we show it,
Heartfelt, unceasing devotion?
For beauty and grace thou art foremost in place,
For riches within and above thee;
But greater by far, in peace or in war,
Art thou in thy children who love thee.

Fair land, free land, Canada,
Ne'er shall thy shores be invaded;
Sons of thy making, to danger awaking,
Will die ere thou art degraded.
In Honor's full might they stand for the Right,
For Justice their bravest endeavor;
They come at thy call, to fight or to fall,
That thou may'st be free-land for ever.

Best land, home land, Canada,
Thine be a great nation's story.
A true-hearted band, right proudly we stand
To work or to die for thy glory.
Our flag floating o'er us, bright prospects before
us,
We give thee, dear home-land, our best;
With joyous unsparing of doing and daring,
Then leave to our God all the rest.

RECRUITING SONG.

Your king and country need you now,
Johnny Canuck, my boy,
No matter where you work, or how,
With mind or muscle, pen or plow,
The need is great, the time is now,
Johnny Canuck, my boy.

Your king and country call for aid,
Johnny Canuck, my boy,
From men of every rank and trade,
From mountain, town, and forest glade,
From men of hero fibre made,
Johnny Canuck, my boy.

Good comrades from the trenches cry,
Johnny Canuck, my boy,
"Come on, old man, and have a try
Where shrapnel shells go whizzing by,
And battle smoke beclouds the sky
Johnny Canuck, my boy.

The boys you know have fought their way,
Johnny Canuck, my boy,
Against the foe in fierce array.
Go! Stand beside them in the fray
Till might of Right shall win the day,
Johnny Canuck, my boy.

CANADIAN MARCHING SONG.

Music by Fay G. Stanbury.

Old England blew her bugle call
To bid Canadians rally,
From hill and dale and sunny vale,
From avenue and alley.
Then up they sprang, her sturdy sons,
When enemies would rend her,
With heart and hand by her to stand,
And proudly to defend her.

Chorus.

When Freedom sings her battle song
Canadian boys are in it;
Old England's fight is for the right,
We'll fight and help her win it.

Brave men and true our comrades are,
We stand by one another;
We march along with laugh and song,
And every man's a brother.
Here's to our homes! The land we love!
The flag that floats above us!
When far we go to meet the foe,
God keep the friends who love us.

Chorus.—When Freedom, etc.

EDITH CAVELL.

"No! Not a bandage to shut out the light,
I'll see God's blessed sunshine to the last."
So went she forth where guns shone steely bright,
Without a tremor; fear of death was past.
So went she forth, flag-decked, this martyred
nurse,
To Britain's blessing turning German curse.

And he, whom pleas for mercy could not move,
He ne'er was fed from human mother's breast;
'Twas some fierce Prussian wolf bereft of love
That nourished him, at pride and hate's behest.
Go! sons of British mothers, far and near,
Go! face the foe she faced without a fear.

Oh, English sister with the heart of gold!
We listen to the praises sung of thee;
And each in turn seems only to unfold
A brighter picture of thy bravery.
We see thee meet thy fate with calm, clear eye,
For Britain's cause thou didst not fear to die.

With but a taste of heaven's own peace and joy
Be satisfied, and tarry near us still;

GOOD MORNING

For earth has need, and love may well employ
Thy wondrous courage and unfettered skill.
Keep near us still in some bright form, that so
Our faith and courage like to thine may glow.

We reach to thee our eager, yearning hands,
To touch, if may be, thy great human soul;
For where the angel of sweet mercy stands
Is thy true place; and if our prayers control
The ministries of angels here on earth,
In other souls thy soul shall have new birth.

Thou shalt live on in many a human life,
And multiply thy life a thousandfold,
And haste the day-dawn when all hate and strife
Shall cease to curse with agonies untold;
For thou hast grandly played the hero's part—
A brave, true woman, after God's own heart.

MAJOR ROY.

On October 6th, 1915, Major A. V. Roy, 22nd Battalion,
Montreal, gave his life to save his men.

A SOLDIER in the trench, alert and keen,
Amid brave comrades, enemies at hand,
Yet heart and thought are in his native land,
Hungry for sight of one fair, pictured scene.
His country's honor and his own are dear,
But life is sweet, and life means home and love,
And all delights close linked with joys above.
Then from the poisoned air a bomb falls near,
Hissing its purpose, but unshattered still;
An instant lost means cruel death to all.
With quiet haste he stoops to that foul thing,
The lives of comrades hanging on his skill.
It bursts. He answers his great Captain's call,
And learns that death a truer life may bring.

MOTHERS OF HEROES.

MOTHERS of soldiers, dry your tears bravely!
Smile at the tribute they're paying to you!
Think of the part they're playing so nobly,
To you and their home-land loyally true!
Mothers of soldiers, be womanly still,
But by your courage give theirs a new thrill!

Mothers of soldiers, lift your heads proudly!
Queens of the Empire are ye for all time.
Sons you have cherished press on undaunted,
Fighting the fiend-foe with courage sublime.
Mothers of soldiers love-fed from your breasts,
Lift your heads proudly, they're winning the crests.

Mothers of soldiers, cease not your praying!
God knows your heartache, He shares all your
grief.
Yours is this service, render it gladly,
Mothers of heroes, the Christ is their Chief.
Trustingly, hopefully, send them good cheer.
Mothers, keep praying, Right's triumph is near!

I ENVY YOU.

DEAR little girl, your eyes so bright,
Yet full of tears, you have said good-bye;
And he, your gallant soldier-knight,
Has folded you close and said, "Don't cry,
There is none but you, my sweetheart true."
Little girl, I envy you.

Oh, fond, true wife, with grief-torn heart,
You have been brave to the very last;
But now you feel that sorrow's dart
Into the soul of your soul is cast.
Through all life's race his love kept pace.
Sad wife, I envy you.

Mother, your pride and joy is gone,
Yet 'twas with a smile you bade him go.
In that dear smile heaven's sunlight shone,
Setting his brave young spirit aglow.
You are his nearest, you are his dearest.
Oh, mother! I envy you.

A FRIEND.

A FRIEND to hold in bond of spirit kin
Is neither dwarf nor sapling: he has grown
From deeply bedded roots in genial soil
By graded progress into ardor's strength
Of loyal friendship, with wide-spreading boughs
Rich in green leaves of gracious intercourse.

True to the truth in individual right,
Not dazzled by the lightnings of applause,
Nor yet abashed though all the world should
frown.

Fine in his feelings, gentle in his speech,
Worthy of trust through all life's devious ways,—
Give me such friend, tried oft and faithful found,
And up to his great soul my soul will reach,
Perchance keep step with him on that high plane.

AS YE WOULD.

You are your own accuser,
You prisoner at the bar!
No one so well as yourself can tell
If guilty, or not, you are.
On this life-journey o'er earth's rough road
Do you make heavy another's load?

You are your own accuser,
And you are judge on the bench;
In sight of heaven you must have given
The poise of your soul a wrench,
If it be true that the other's right
Was less than yours in your business fight.

Accuser, prisoner, and judge,
Give sentence! What would you do,
If any other, sister or brother,
Were doing the same by you?
Is this great law, "As ye would," your creed?
Then nobly you live in word and deed.

BEREFT.

A **LONGLY** figure on a storm-swept shore,
With hand upraised to shield the straining sight
Of eyes that have not slept the livelong night,
While the wild sea kept up its ceaseless roar.
No sun illumes the dawn. Grim clouds make
haste

To battle with the winds that, fierce and strong,
Speed on the mighty waves against the long,
Low, jagged rocks that bound the sandy waste.
Beyond the rocks appears, then disappears,
A something growing larger, landward borne,
Till the lone watcher drops her nerveless hands,
And, gazing wildly through her blinding tears,
Beholds a broken mast with sail wind-torn—
His empty boat, a wreck upon the sands.

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME.

How can the choirs of heaven with joyous breath,
Sing their sweet Bethlehem song of long ago,
While raging nations keep war-flames aglow,
And swing with fiendish swirl the sword of death?
How can this Christmas be a time of joy,
While Pride and Hatred ravage and destroy?

Swift comes the answer. Let forebodings cease,
These are but students in the school of life;
Ere long the sword of Truth, like surgeon's
knife,
Shall pierce to bone and marrow, give release
To conscience—of the nations as of men—
Then peace and brotherhood shall live again.

These are but students in God's earthly school,
And some have climbed where Faith and Cour-
age live;
And some for others' good their all will give,
And some, through lust of power, still play the
fool.
But much in this fierce struggle all must learn
Ere each may bid the angel Peace return.

■ ——— GOOD MORNING ——— ■

Fret not thy soul because of human sin,
Grieve not thy heart because of human woe;
Heaven's seedling truths are planted and will
grow,
For Christ has lived and loved, and love must
win;
And Christ will cheer and strengthen for the fray,
And Christ Himself will bless our Christmas Day.

LOVE LOOKED AND WEPT.

Love looked on earth's distress and wept,
God smiled, and lo! a rainbow swept
Across the sky. Man saw, and read
A promise that o'ercame his dread.
Hope thrilled his heart: not all in vain
Love's hour of sympathy and pain.

Love looked once more on man and wept,
And lo! in Bethlehem's manger slept
A little babe. Hope smiled again,
Rose on glad wings to join the strain—
Good-will to men! Be God adored!
Love brings a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

Love comes to-day, again to weep,
For war's dark tide is swift and deep;
Yet far above the storm and strife
Gleam dawnings of a truer life.
God's voice bids earth's mad tumult cease,
And angels chant their songs of peace.

THOU SON OF MAN!

Oh Son of Man! At early toil, and late,
Thy work makes all our common toiling great;
Thy weariness sought rest in quiet sleep;
Thy need asked bread when hunger's pangs began;
Thy tenderness, bereft of friend, could weep,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! Along this earthly road,
Where strength needs hope to bear life's weary
load;
Where courage fails betimes lest hope is vain;
'Tis then we learn through Thee God's gracious
plan
To lift our daily lives to higher plane,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! On earth's stern battlefields,
Where triumph waits for him who never yields,
Not captain of the host, nor armored knight,
Nor valiant chieftain Thou of mighty clan,
But, side by side, our comrade in the fight,
Thou Son of Man!

■ ————— GOOD MORNING ————— ■

Oh Son of Man! In Thy deep anguish prone,
Scorned, and yet feared; deserted by Thine own;
Thy Godlike mission scoffed at as a dream;
Thyself an outcast 'neath the world's fierce ban,
Our stricken human brother Thou dost seem,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! 'Tis ours to tread and know
Each step of Thy life-pathway here below;
And "greater works" than thine are ours to do,
Through life's new force that with Thy life began,
To prove our brotherhood and sonship true,
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! Is it Thy pain, Thy death,
Gives men to feel their soul-life's vital breath?
Is our heart-cleansing fruitage of Thy shame,
That priestly envy's cruel hate outran?
Or of God's love in Thee—that living flame?
Thou Son of Man!

Oh Son of Man! Thou breathing life of Him
Whose nature filled Thy being to its brim!
Thou art our way to Truth's divine release,—
God's will, as done by Thee, reveals His plan,
And so we know all sin in us shall cease,
Thou Son of Man!

STAY WITH ME, LORD.

STAY with me, Lord, the gloom of night has gone,
Soul-foes are near, life's daily fight is on.
Grant me the strength to use Thy Spirit's sword,
And through the hours of strife stay with me,
Lord.

Stay with me, Lord, another day is here,
I know not what it holds of hope or fear.
Teach me to trust the promise of Thy Word,
And through each testing hour stay with me, Lord.

Stay with me, Lord, through all my daily toil.
That pride nor greed my soul's sweet peace may
spoil.

Bind Thou my heart with love's enduring cord,
And while I toil do Thou stay with me, Lord.

Stay with me, Lord, and let Thy light divine,
Through this new day in all my actions shine.
May all my words with Thy dear will accord.
And in my every thought stay with me, Lord.

THOUGH SUNLIGHT CEASE.

**DAWN, and the daylight breaking,
'Neath heaven's deep blue!
Dawn, and the soul's awaking,
Life comes anew!
Hope and the dawnlight blending
In beauteous ray,—
Hope all its riches lending
To this new day.**

**Noon, and the sunlight glowing!
Sky bright and clear!
Noon, and the fair earth showing
Love reigneth here!
Joy is the noonday splendor,
God's gift of power.
Service of love we render
Each glad new hour.**

**Sunset, the daylight fading,
Twilight and rest!
Sunset the cloudlands shading,
Peace be our guest!
Ever may 'bove's light guide us,
Though sunlight cease.
Grant, Lord, whate'er betide us,
Hope, Joy, and Peace!**

PRESS ON.

If through the gray no noonday sun is shining;
If through the night the star-gleams disappear,
Make not the shadows deeper by repining,
Fill not the gloom with ghostly shades of fear.

If out of sight a well-loved form has vanished,
And grief brings spirit-darkness in its train,
Seek other heart where hope's glad ray is banished,
And in thine own the light shall dawn again.

If life's full cup is evermore denied thee;
If on thy way the lonely hours oppress;
If want and toil keep even pace beside thee,
Thy need shall teach thee other lives to bless.

If tempest wild and fiercest storm assail thee;
If future years seem desert vast and drear,
The joy of loving service will not fail thee,
Life will be sweet if thou canst help and cheer.

Each passing day will give thy courage testing,
And by each test thy strength of soul will grow;
Press on thy way, not yet the time for resting,
Press on, and life's true purpose thou shalt know.

ALL, I ASK.

To sleep, with angels watching all the night,
To waken sweetly in the dawn's soft light,
To steer my course by love's own law of right
Through each returning day,
Though bright, or dark, my way,
Is all I ask.

To love earth's little things, their beauty prize,
To feel the radiant glory of the skies,
To learn and use the great thoughts of the wise,
And spread, without display,
Truth's brighter, clearer ray,
Is all I ask.

To stay some wayward step on danger's brink,
To cheer some burdened heart that else would sink,
To bind by tender word some heavenward link,
And make some pathway shine
With light of love divine,
Is all I ask.

To keep my soul lamp burning ever clear,
To show faith's power to conquer doubt and fear,
To live the blessed truth that heaven is here,
And will the Will divine,
Because God's love is mine,
Is all I ask.

■ ——— GOOD MORNING ——— ■

To lay me down at last without a fear,
To wait with joy Death's angel drawing near,
To know full soon with rapture I shall hear
My Father say, "Well done!
Rest thee, my weary one!"
Is all I ask.